SONNET To An

ÆOLIAN HARP

Presented to two LADIES.

Go! swcet Deceiver of that luckleſs Hour
Which cares embitter, as they ſtill prolong!
Go! pour as erſt, thy voluntary song,
'Till all enraptured own thy magic power:
Yes - heaven-form'd Lyre! to those whom Friendſhip holds
"Dear as the ruddy drops that warm my heart"
Each flattering Hope - each happy Thought impart,
That many a fairy dream of bliſs unfolds.
So may no ruder breeze insult thy ſtrings!
Thy warblings ever check intruſive care;
The Zephirs, ever thine, on golden wings,
Gay Fancy's health-inſpiring whispers bear!
These, and the humbler tribute Friendſhip brings,
May You, who beſt deſerve them, ever ſhare!

TO THE MEMORY OF *C* H.* KILLED IN *AMERICA.*

Where ALBION mourn'd her victim Sons in vain,
And sought, in vain, to triumph, *FLAVIO* fell --
Here, Honour hails him for his Country ſlain:
Here, ſorrowing Friendſhip ſighs a long Farewel -

J.D [1788]

Brotherton. 109.22 (3)

WRITTEN UNDER THE PICTURE OF

AN ASS

Meek ANIMAL! whose simple mein
Provokes the insulting eye of spleen
To mark the melancholy Trait
Of Patience, in thy front displayed,
By thy great Author fitly so pourtrayed.
To character the sorrows of thy Fate!

Say HEIR of MISERY! what to thee
Is Life? a long - long dreary ſtage,
Through the sad vale of Labor and of Pain.
No pleasure hath thy youth, nor reſt thine age;
Nor haſt thou through the round of this Terrene,
A FRIEND to ſet thee free!
Till Death, perhaps too late -
In the dark Evening of thy cheerleſs Day,
Shall take thee fainting on thy way,
From the rude ſtorms of unresiſted Hate!

Yet, dare the Erroneous to mark
With Folly, thy deſpised Race,
The ungovernable Pack who bark
With impious howlings in Heaven's awful face,
If e'er, on their impatient head,
Affliction's bitter ſhower be ſhed;
But t'is the Folly of thy kind,
Meekly to bear the inevitable ſway;
The Wisdom of the human mind,
Is to murmur - and obey!

BODLEIANA BIBLIOTHECA